FIRST COMICS
DYNAMO JOE • WHISPER • BLAZE BARLOW
FIRST Adventures
MAR. $1.25
NO. 4
$1.75 CANADA
HELP
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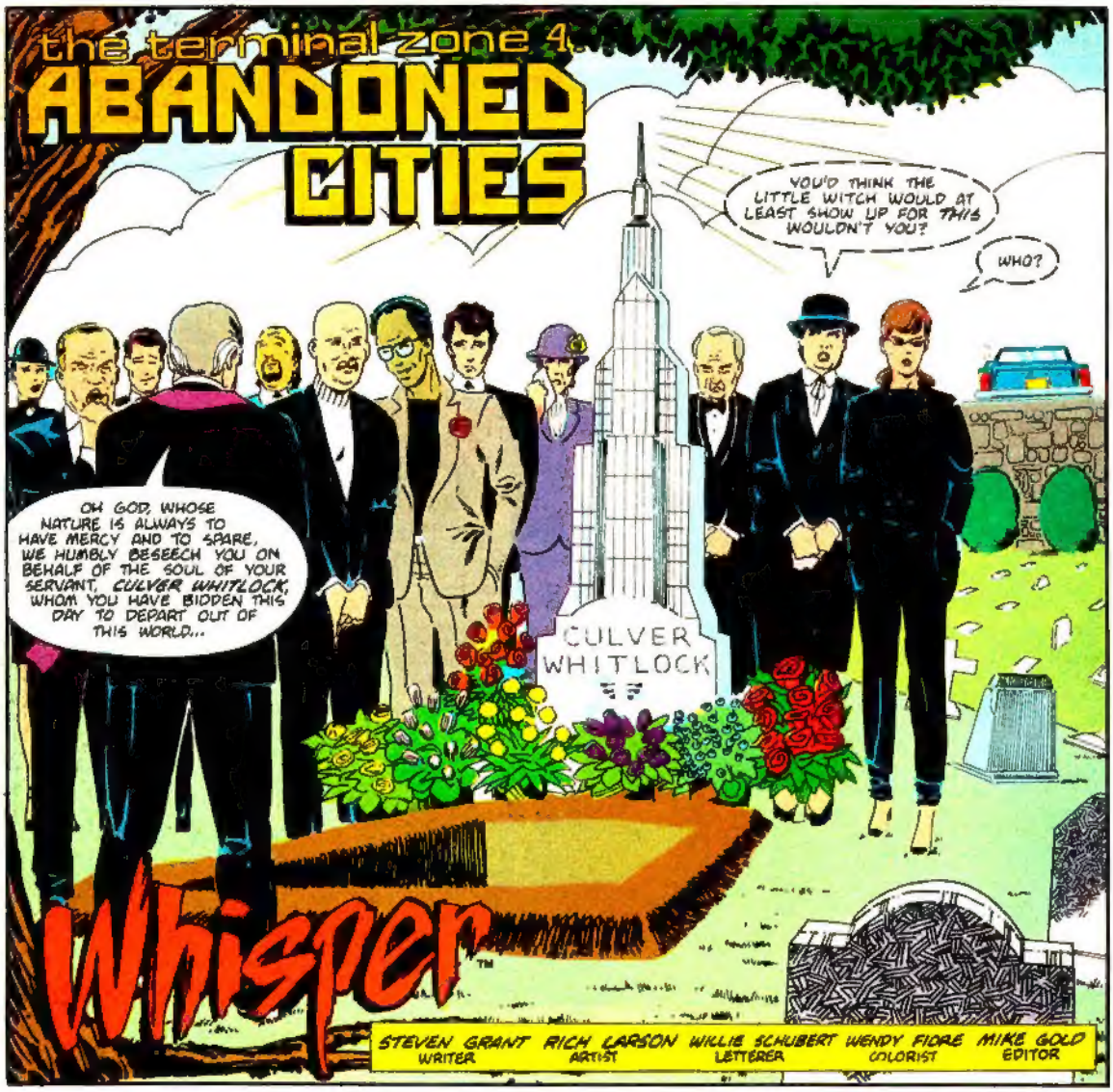
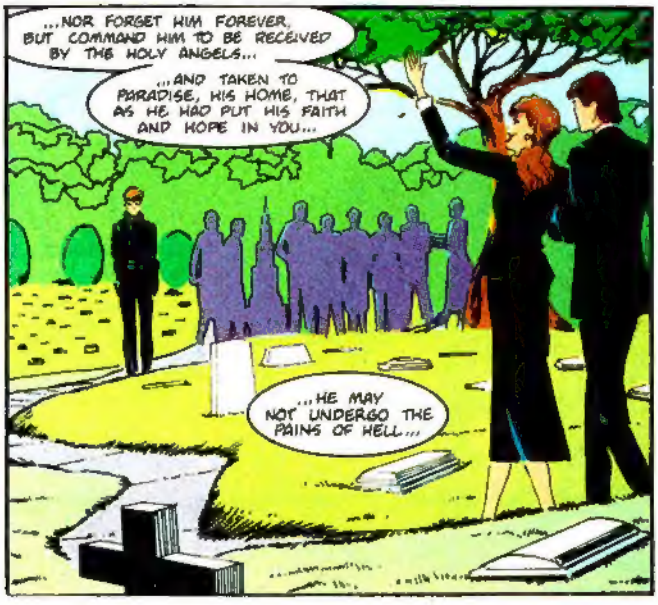
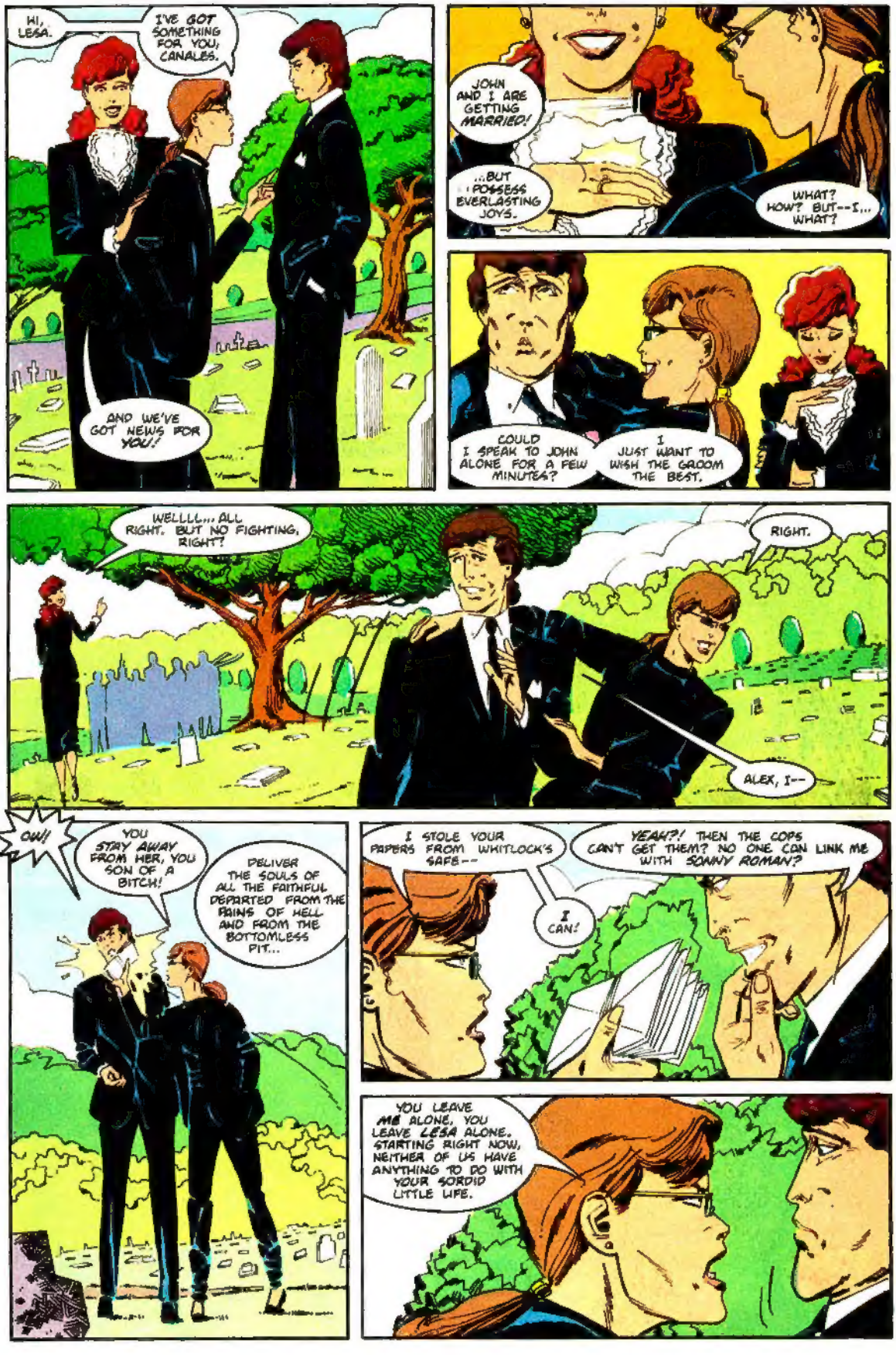
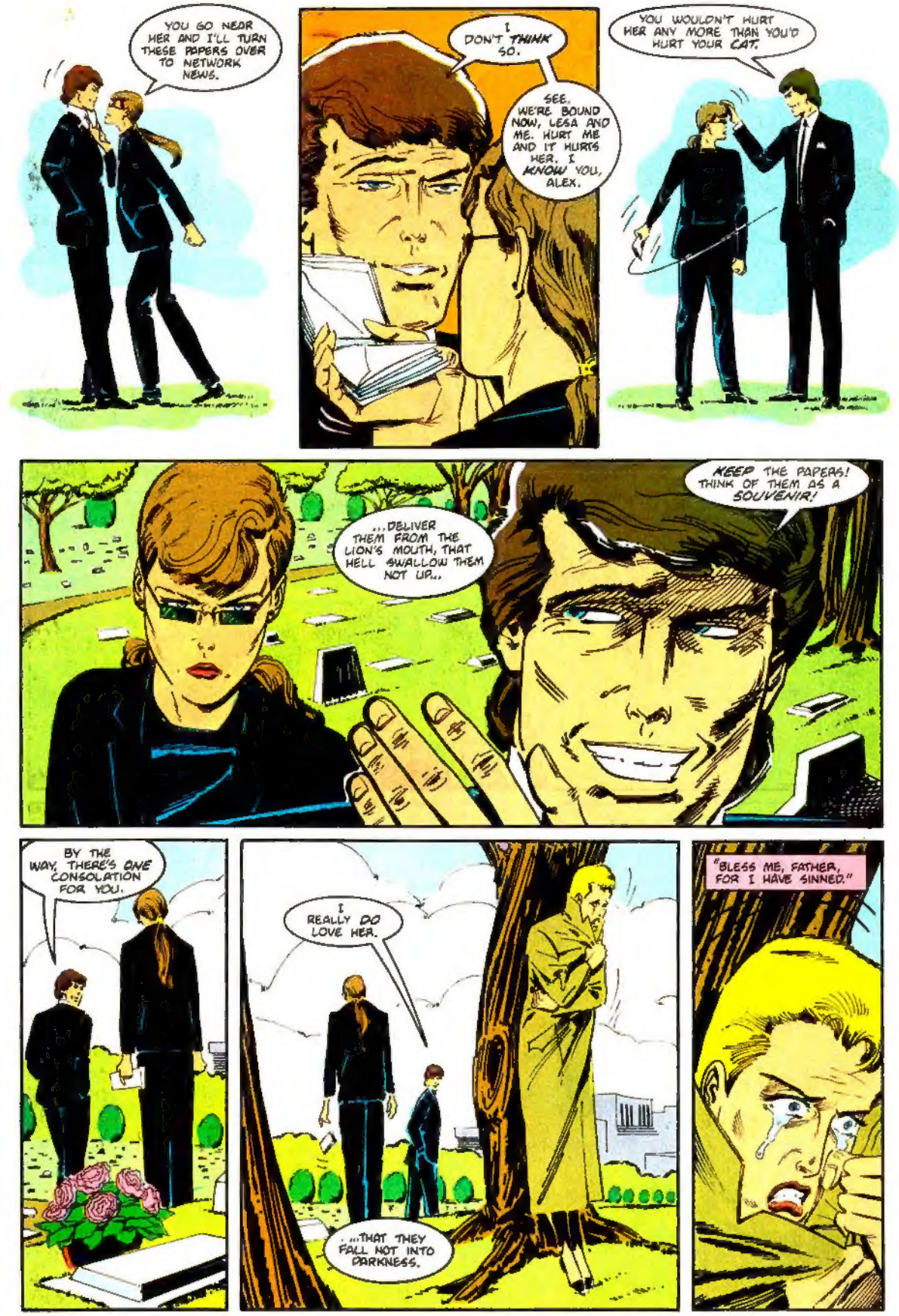

the terminal zone 4:
ABANDONED CITIES
YOU'D THINK THE LITTLE WITCH WOULD AT LEAST SHOW UP FOR THIS WOULDN'T YOU?
WHO?
OH GOD, WHOSE NATURE IS ALWAYS TO HAVE MERCY AND TO SPARE, WE HUMBLY BESEECH YOU ON BEHALF OF THE SOUL OF YOUR SERVANT, CULVER WHITLOCK, WHOM YOU HAVE BIDDEN THIS DAY TO DEPART OUT OF THIS WORLD...
CULVER WHITLOCK
Whisper
STEVEN GRANT WRITER
RICH LARSON ARTIST
WILLIE SCHUBERT LETTERER
WENDY FIORE COLORIST
MIKE GOLD EDITOR

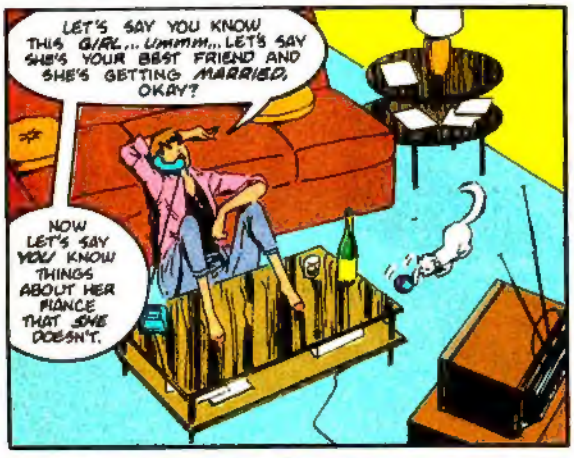
...THAT YOU WOULD NOT DELIVER HIM INTO THE HANDS OF THE ENEMY...
HIS DAUGHTER! CYNTHIA!
DON'T REALLY KNOW HER.
WOULD YOU EXCUSE ME FOR A FEW MINUTES?

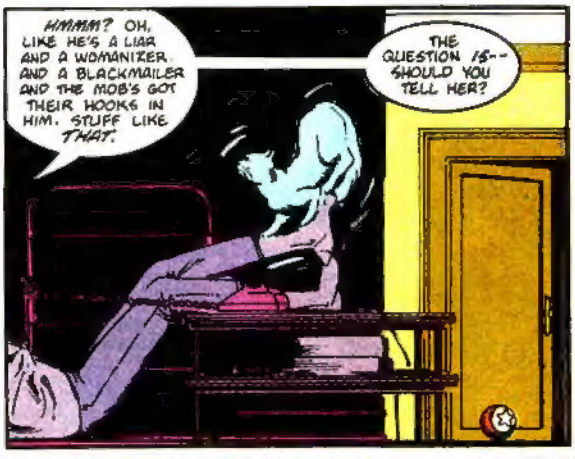

...NOR FORGET HIM FOREVER, BUT COMMAND HIM TO BE RECEIVED BY THE HOLY ANGELS...
...AND TAKEN TO PARADISE, HIS HOME, THAT AS HE HAD PUT HIS FAITH AND HOPE IN YOU...
...HE MAY NOT UNDERGO THE PAINS OF HELL...

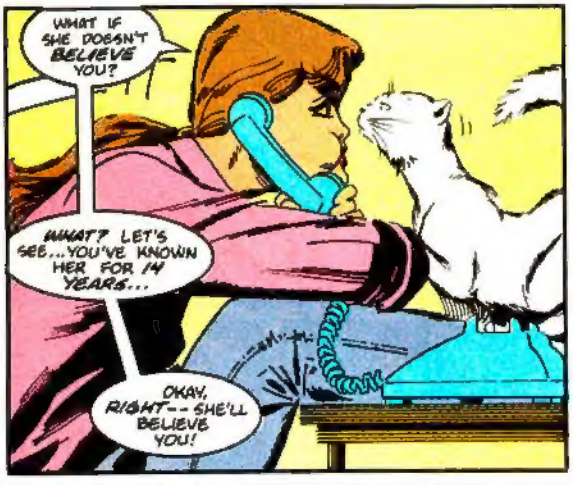

HI, LESA.
I'VE GOT SOMETHING FOR YOU, CANALES.
AND WE'VE GOT NEWS FOR YOU!
JOHN AND I ARE GETTING MARRIED!
...BUT I POSSESS EVERLASTING JOYS.
WHAT? HOW? BUT--I... WHAT?
COULD I SPEAK TO JOHN ALONE FOR A FEW MINUTES?
I JUST WANT TO WISH THE GROOM THE BEST.
WELLLL... ALL RIGHT. BUT NO FIGHTING, RIGHT?
RIGHT.
ALEX, I--
OW!
YOU STAY AWAY FROM HER, YOU SON OF A BITCH!
DELIVER THE SOULS OF ALL THE FAITHFUL DEPARTED FROM THE PAINS OF HELL AND FROM THE BOTTOMLESS PIT...
I STOLE YOUR PAPERS FROM WHITLOCK'S SAFE--
I CAN!
YEAH?! THEN THE COPS CAN'T GET THEM? NO ONE CAN LINK ME WITH SONNY ROMAN?
YOU LEAVE ME ALONE, YOU LEAVE LESA ALONE. STARTING RIGHT NOW, NEITHER OF US HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH YOUR SORDID LITTLE LIFE.

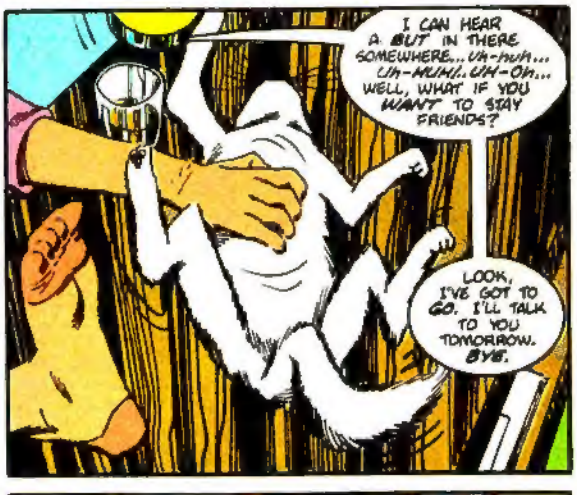

YOU GO NEAR HER AND I'LL TURN THESE PAPERS OVER TO NETWORK NEWS.
I DON'T THINK SO.
SEE, WE'RE BOUND NOW, LESA AND ME. HURT ME AND IT HURTS HER. I KNOW YOU, ALEX.
YOU WOULDN'T HURT HER ANY MORE THAN YOU'D HURT YOUR CAT.
...DELIVER THEM FROM THE LION'S MOUTH, THAT HELL SWALLOW THEM NOT UP...
KEEP THE PAPERS! THINK OF THEM AS A SOUVENIR!
BY THE WAY, THERE'S ONE CONSOLATION FOR YOU.
I REALLY DO LOVE HER.
...THAT THEY FALL NOT INTO DARKNESS.
"BLESS ME, FATHER, FOR I HAVE SINNED."

"IT'S BEEN TWELVE YEARS SINCE MY LAST CONFESSION..."
KIRK? IT'S ALEX.
CAN I ASK YOU A HYPOTHETICAL QUESTION?

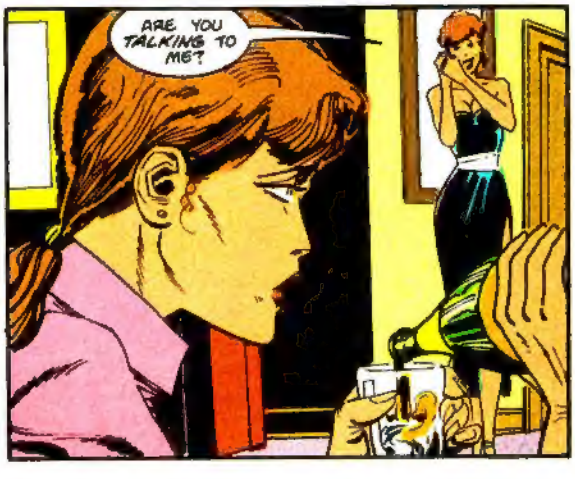

LET'S SAY YOU KNOW THIS GIRL... UMMMM... LET'S SAY SHE'S YOUR BEST FRIEND AND SHE'S GETTING MARRIED, OKAY?
NOW LET'S SAY YOU KNOW THINGS ABOUT HER FIANCE THAT SHE DOESN'T.

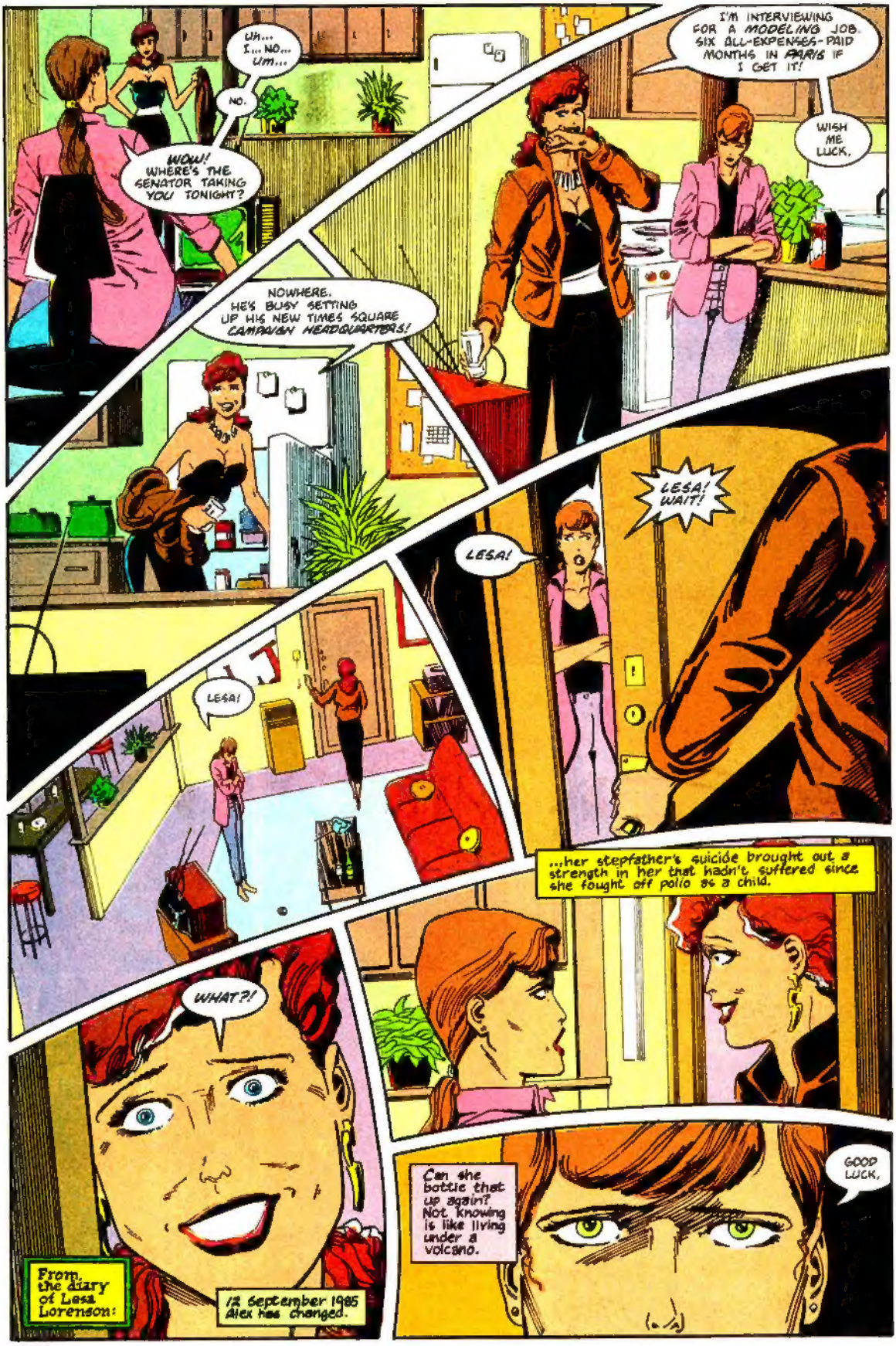

HMMM? OH, LIKE HE'S A LIAR AND A WOMANIZER AND A BLACKMAILER AND THE MOB'S GOT THEIR HOOKS IN HIM. STUFF LIKE THAT.
THE QUESTION IS-- SHOULD YOU TELL HER?


WHAT IF SHE DOESN'T BELIEVE YOU?
WHAT? LET'S SEE... YOU'VE KNOWN HER FOR 14 YEARS...
OKAY, RIGHT-- SHE'LL BELIEVE YOU!

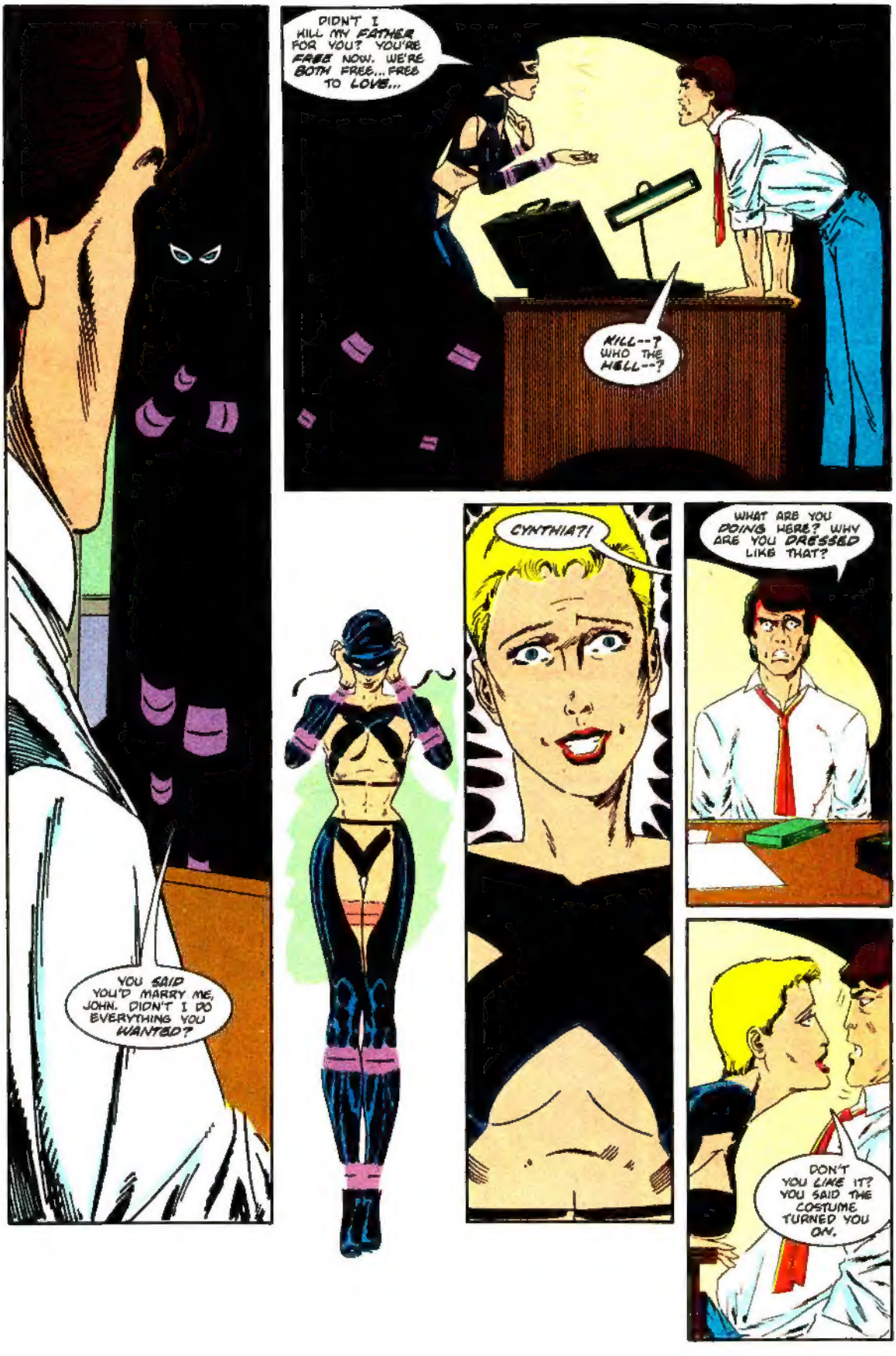

I CAN HEAR A BUT IN THERE SOMEWHERE... UH-HUH... UH-HUH... UH-OH... WELL, WHAT IF YOU WANT TO STAY FRIENDS?
LOOK, I'VE GOT TO GO. I'LL TALK TO YOU TOMORROW. BYE.

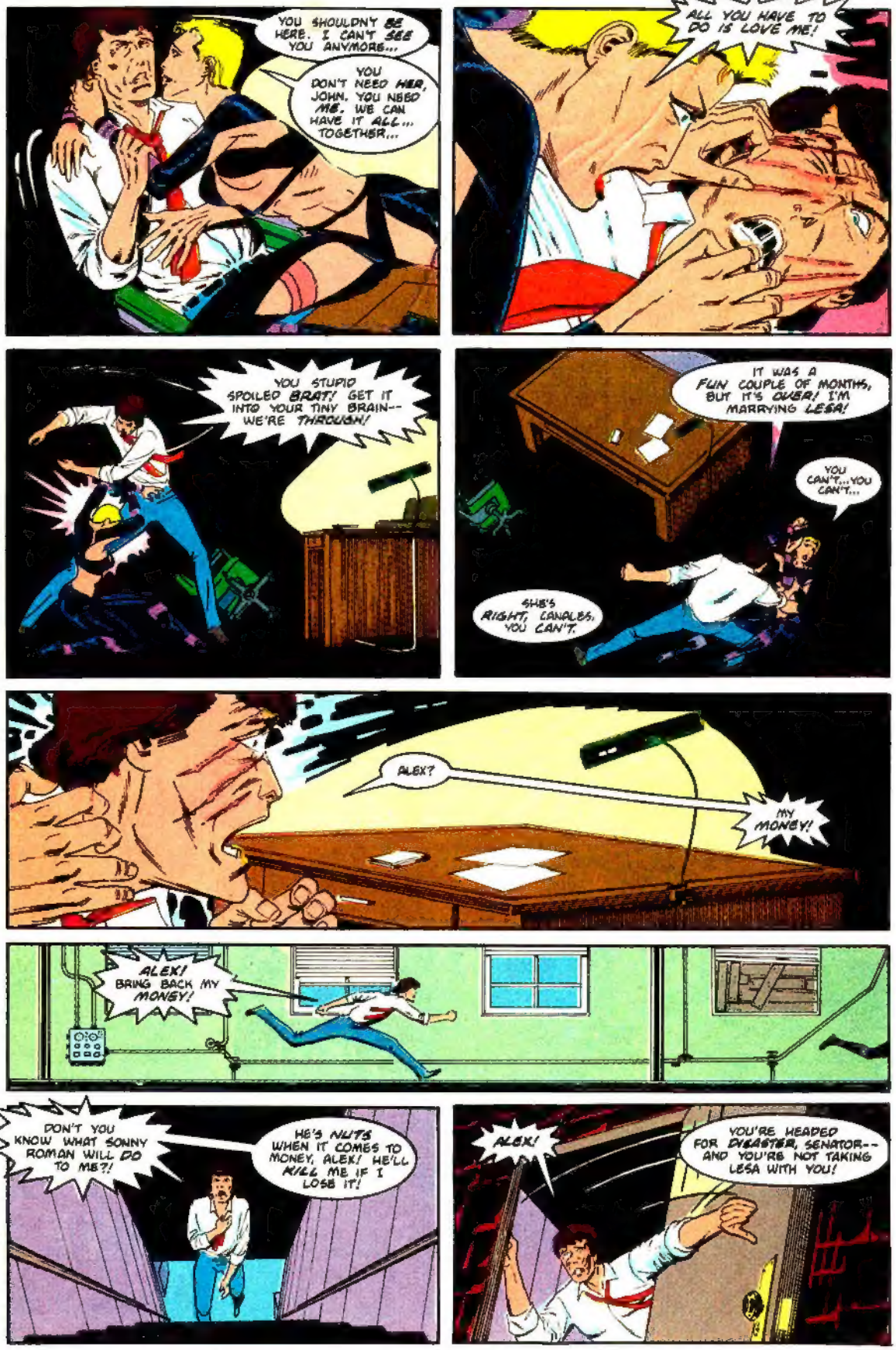
LESA, I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO TELL YOU...
LESA, I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO TELL YOU...


ARE YOU TALKING TO ME?


Uh... I... NO... um...
NO.
WOW! WHERE'S THE SENATOR TAKING YOU TONIGHT?
I'M INTERVIEWING FOR A MODELING JOB. SIX ALL-EXPENSES-PAID MONTHS IN PARIS IF I GET IT!
WISH ME LUCK.
NOWHERE. HE'S BUSY SETTING UP HIS NEW TIMES SQUARE CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS!
LESA!
LESA! WAIT!
LESA!
...her stepfather's suicide brought out a strength in her that hadn't suffered since she fought off polio as a child.
WHAT?!
GOOD LUCK.
Can she bottle that up again? Not knowing is like living under a volcano.
From the diary of Lesa Lorenson:
12 September 1985 Alex has changed.

She seems calm, but her eyes flare too often now. She works too much. She taps her fingers, stares out windows.
THANKS!
...SHOT FIVE BYSTANDERS BEFORE HE WAS FATALLY INJURED IN A GUN BATTLE WITH POLICE.
TERRORISM
IN OTHER NEWS, THE SELF-AVOWED REVOLUTIONARY GROUP CALLED SQUADRON 49 ISSUED A COMMUNIQUE TODAY...
...ANNOUNCING THAT IT IS BEING INVESTIGATED BY THE NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISORY COMMITTEE. AN AGENT NAMED PAUL ECKART IS SAID TO BE HEADING UP THE INVESTIGATION.
She keeps her costume in the closet.
A SPOKESMAN FOR THE NSAC STATED, "WE KNOW OF NO INVESTIGATION, AND WE HAVE NO EMPLOYEE NAMED PAUL ECKART."
She only put on the costume in the first place to help someone she loved.
TODAY'S ANNOUCEMENT MARKS THE FIRST TIME SQUADRON 49 HAS PUBLICLY ATTACKED ANYONE BUT SENATOR JOHN CANALES...
Nothing she loves is alive anymore. Nothing except Sasha.
Sasha and me.
RE-ELECT JOHN CANALES
YOU CAN'T MARRY HER, JOHN!
YAAAH!
ALEX?


DIDN'T I KILL MY FATHER FOR YOU? YOU'RE FREE NOW. WE'RE BOTH FREE... FREE TO LOVE...
KILL--? WHO THE HELL--?
YOU SAID YOU'D MARRY ME, JOHN. DIDN'T I DO EVERYTHING YOU WANTED?
CYNTHIA?!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? WHY ARE YOU DRESSED LIKE THAT?
DON'T YOU LIKE IT? YOU SAID THE COSTUME TURNED YOU ON.


YOU SHOULDN'T BE HERE. I CAN'T SEE YOU ANYMORE...
YOU DON'T NEED HER, JOHN. YOU NEED ME. WE CAN HAVE IT ALL... TOGETHER...
ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS LOVE ME!
YOU STUPID SPOILED BRAT! GET IT INTO YOUR TINY BRAIN-- WE'RE THROUGH!
IT WAS A FUN COUPLE OF MONTHS, BUT IT'S OVER! I'M MARRYING LESA!
YOU CAN'T...YOU CAN'T...
SHE'S RIGHT, CANALES, YOU CAN'T.
ALEX?
MY MONEY!
ALEX! BRING BACK MY MONEY!
DON'T YOU KNOW WHAT SONNY ROMAN WILL DO TO ME?!
HE'S NUTS WHEN IT COMES TO MONEY, ALEX! HE'LL KILL ME IF I LOSE IT!
ALEX!
YOU'RE HEADED FOR DISASTER, SENATOR-- AND YOU'RE NOT TAKING LESA WITH YOU!

YOU DUMP HER OR I DUMP THE MONEY IT'S THAT SIMPLE.
YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE ASKING.
SURE I DO. YOU'RE UP TO YOUR NECK IN DIRTY DEALS AND BAD WOMEN--
--AND IF YOU REALLY LOVE LESA, YOU'LL TAKE THE MONEY AND LET HER GO.
JOHN!
I PICKED UP THE PAPERS SHE DROPPED AT THE CEMETARY, JOHN. I SENT THEM TO THE NEWSPAPERS.
YOU SHOULD HAVE LOVED ME... YOU SHOULD HAVE...
LOOK OUT!
BLAM
STAY DOWN. SHE'S LEAVING!
ARRRRRGH!
ARRRRRGH!
WHAT ARE YOU SCREAMING ABOUT? YOU WEREN'T HURT.
OH.
"BLESS ME, FATHER, FOR I HAVE SINNED.
"IT HAS BEEN TWELVE YEARS SINCE MY LAST CONFESSION..."
TO BE CONTINUED.

DOUG RICE
PENCILLER/CREATOR

JOHN OSTRANDER
WRITER

BRIAN THOMAS
INKER

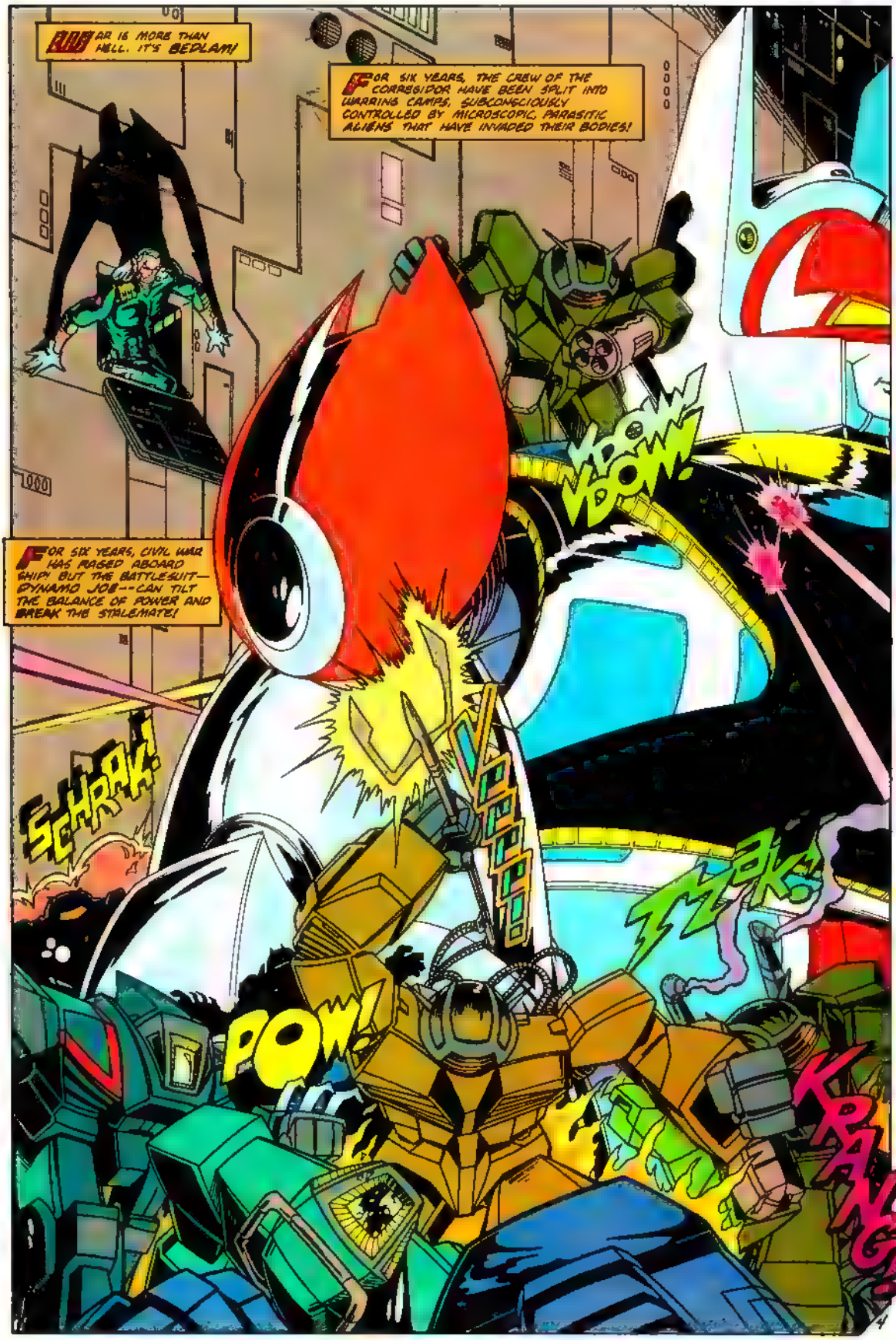
WILLIE SCHUBERT
LETTERER

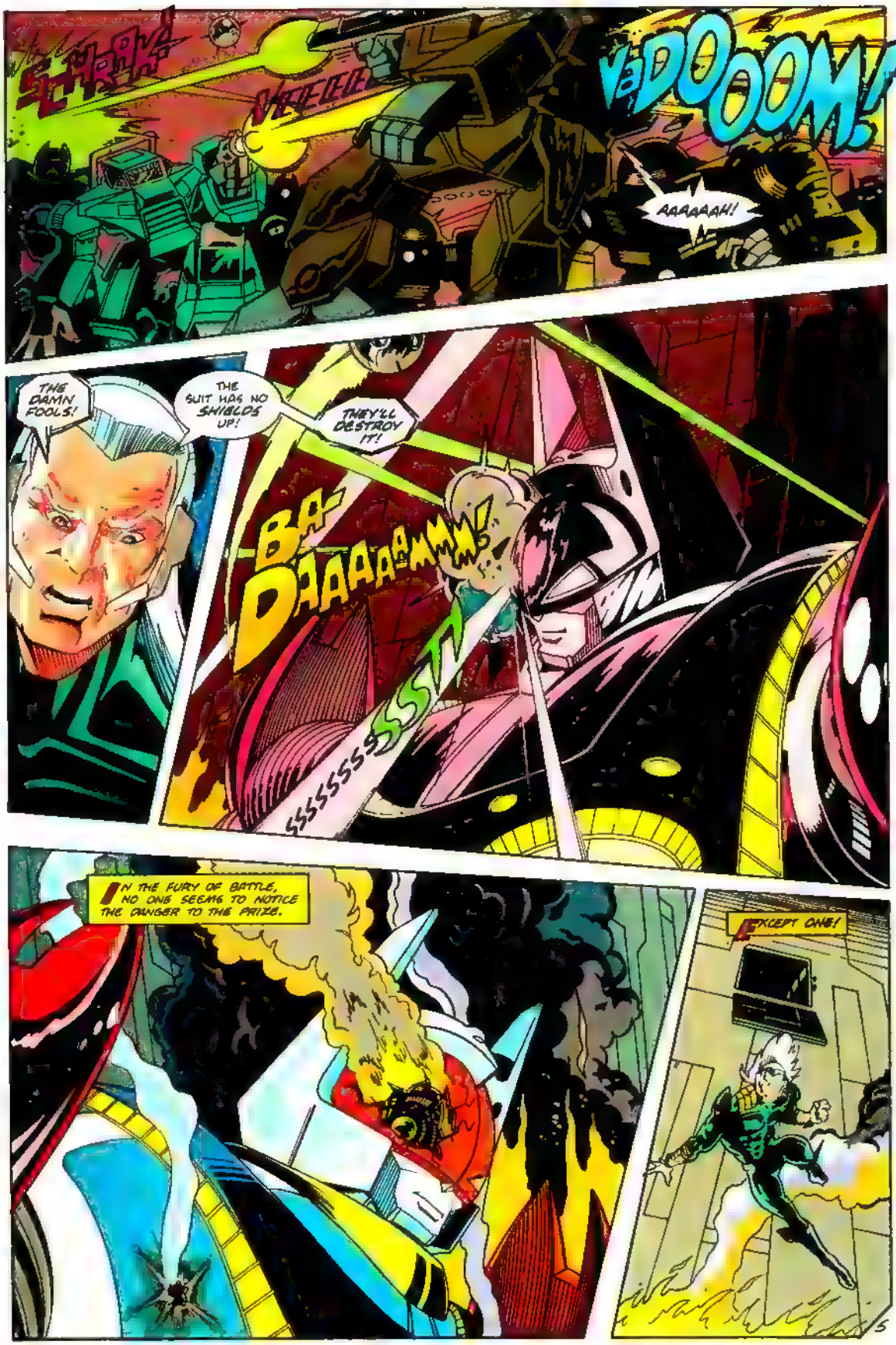
RICK TAYLOR
COLORIST

RICK OLIVER
EDITOR

There are many ways to face death.
Anda Warren faces it serenely, her mind adrift among the stars, as the great ship Corregidor also drifts aimlessly.
When the air has been pumped out of the chamber, the outer hatch will open, and Anda Warren's body will also drift among the stars--and she will die.
Meanwhile, Lieutenant Price and Private Pomaru try to avoid death in the bloody confusion of a battlefield.
Sergeant Elanian Daro faces death squarely.
DOCTOR, THIS IS NOT YOUR CHOICE. THE ALIENS ARE MAKING YOU DO THIS!
PRIVATE! I CAN'T GET NEAR THE SUIT! YOU?
VIEW!
VIEW!
NOT SO, SARGEANT. I WOULD KNOW, WOULDN'T I?
YOU SEEK TO INTERFERE WITH THE EXPERIMENT. IT IS NECESSARY YOU DIE.
MOMMY!...
DADDY!...
SARGE!
.NECESSARY...?!
For a moment, Doctor Hu wavers. He is a giver of life, not a taker.
2

KAF
AA!!
WITH A MAN LIKE DARO—A SOLDIER OF THE IMPERIUM—A MOMENT IS TOO LONG.
AND HU DIES.
YAAAH!
KRAK!
ZAN!
SSSSSSS!
ROVER MINE... JAMMED THE HATCH!
UHHNG!
arrrrrk!
MUST FIND THE QUICKEST WAY TO THE HANGER BAY... THERE!
BY THE KHAN!


WAR IS MORE THAN HELL. IT'S BEDLAM!
FOR SIX YEARS, THE CREW OF THE CORREGIDOR HAVE BEEN SPLIT INTO WARRING CAMPS, SUBCONSCIOUSLY CONTROLLED BY MICROSCOPIC, PARASITIC ALIENS THAT HAVE INVADED THEIR BODIES!
FOR SIX YEARS, CIVIL WAR HAS RAGED ABOARD SHIP! BUT THE BATTLESUIT—DYNAMO JOE--CAN TILT THE BALANCE OF POWER AND BREAK THE STALEMATE!
VBOOM VBOOM
SCHRAK!
VRRRR
ZZAK
POW!
KRANG!


SCHRAK!
VREEEEE
VaDOOOM!
AAAAAAH!
THE DAMN FOOLS!
THE SUIT HAS NO SHIELDS UP!
THEY'LL DESTROY IT!
BA-DAAAaaMMM!
SSSSSSSSST
IN THE FURY OF BATTLE, NO ONE SEEMS TO NOTICE THE DANGER TO THE PRIZE.
EXCEPT ONE!
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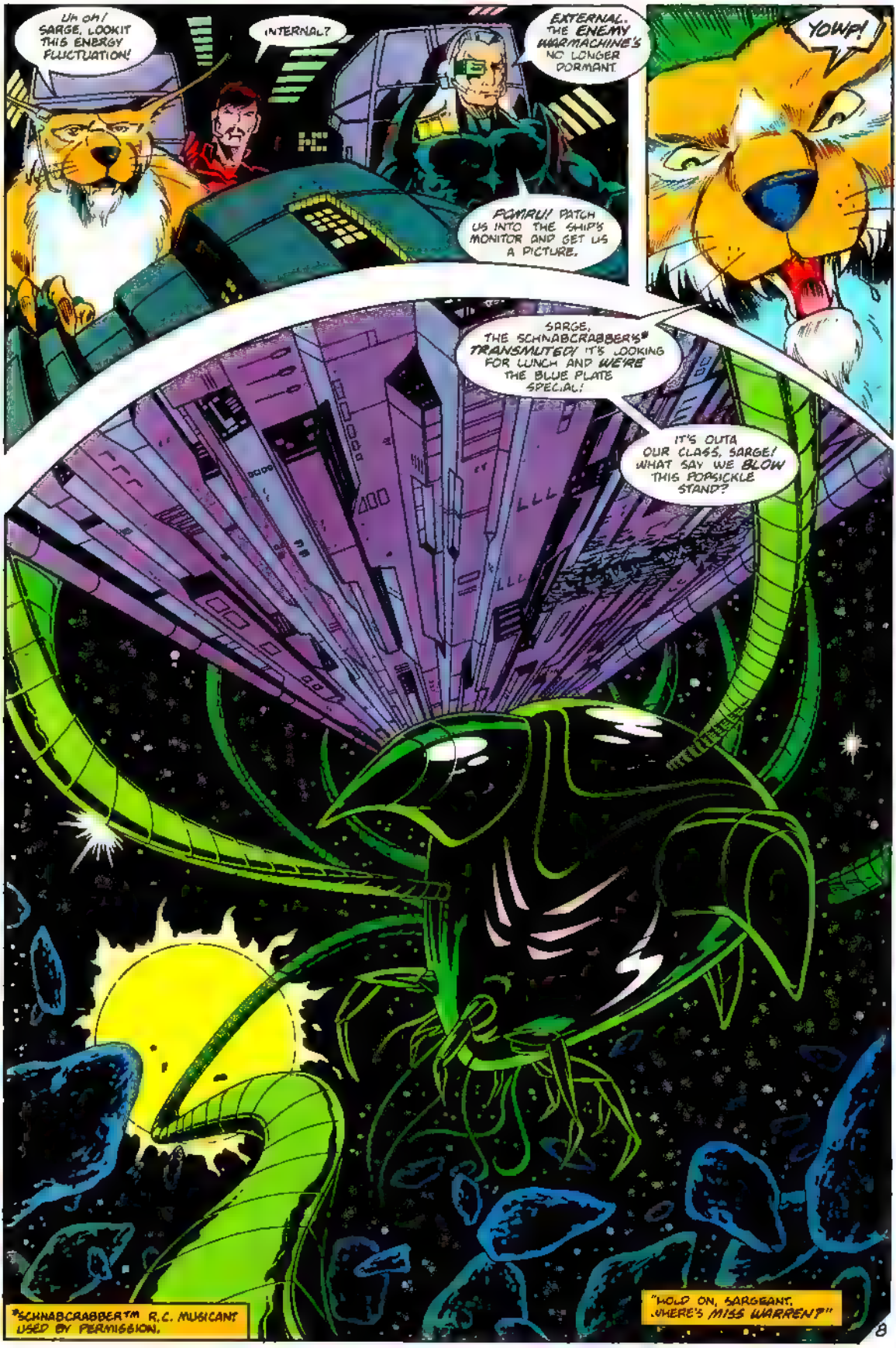
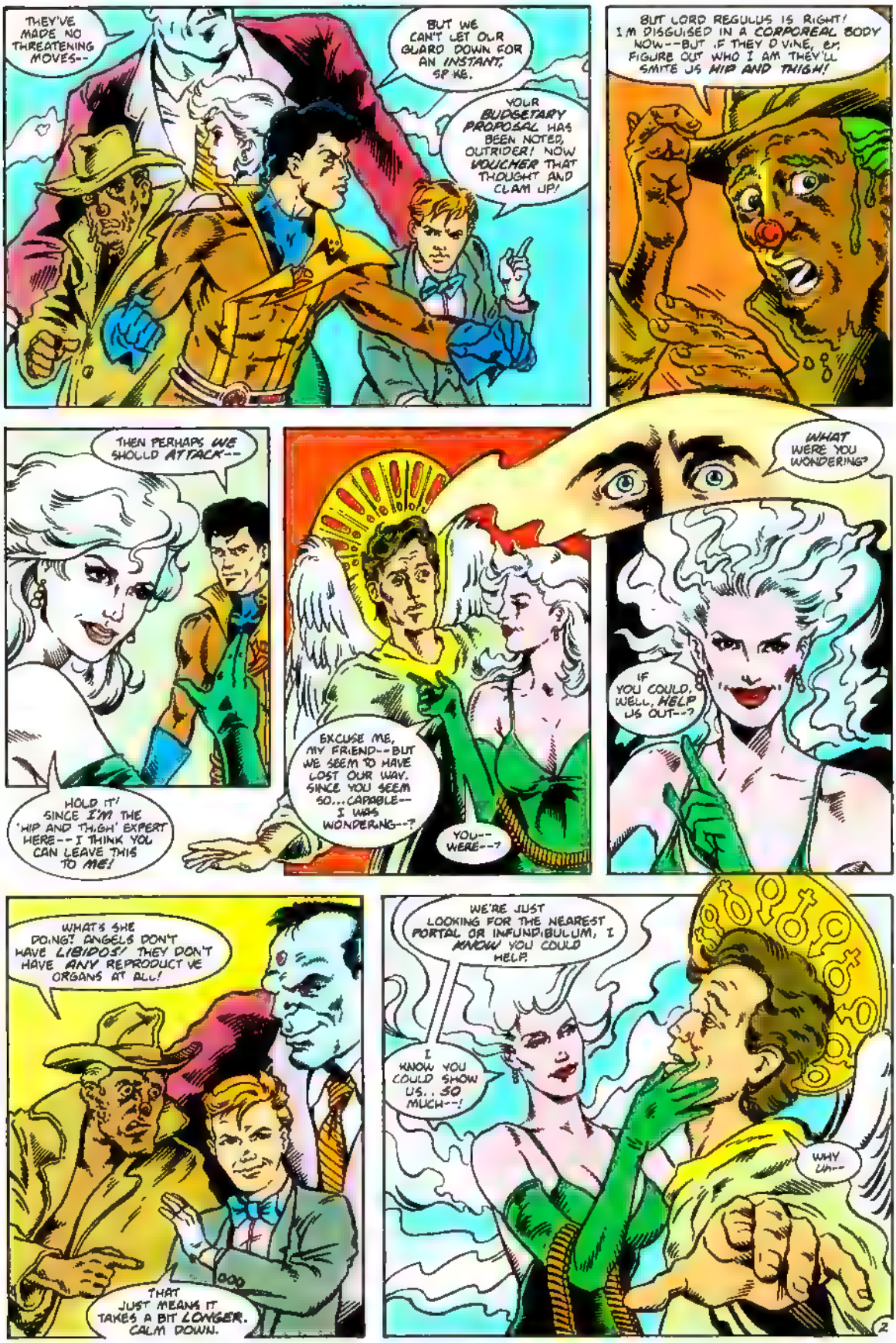
CONCENTRATE! FOCUS! THE BODY IS AN EXTENSION OF THE WILL!
DEATH FIST TO RAT-GNASHER!
LIKE STEPP.NG STONES IN THE RIVER... SKIM THE SURFACE OF THE BATTLE!
thump!
LOOKIT THE JACKRABBIT, WYRD! SHALL I SKIN IT FOR DINNER?
NEGATIVE, COOKY! I GOT FIRST CRACK!
WHAT?! HOW'D I MISS HIM?
DAMN! ALL UNITS! CONVERGE FIRE!
VeepVeep
BTEW
SCHRAK
SSSSST!
HE'S IN!
LOOK OUT, BOYS! HE'S POWERING UP!

GYAAAAH!
KKKRAKKLE!
YAAAARG!
AAAIIEEE!
THE BATTLE IS OVER!
WHAM!
OH YEAH! SURE! NOW THEY LEAVE!
COME BACK HERE AND GET THIS ROACH COLLAR OFFA ME!
UP AND IN, PRIVATE. BEFORE THEY REGROUP!


UH OH! SARGE, LOOKIT THIS ENERGY FLUCTUATION!
INTERNAL?
EXTERNAL. THE ENEMY WARMACHINE'S NO LONGER DORMANT.
POMRU! PATCH US INTO THE SHIP'S MONITOR AND GET US A PICTURE.
YOWP!
SARGE, THE SCHNABCRABBERS™ TRANSMUTED! IT'S LOOKING FOR LUNCH AND WE'RE THE BLUE PLATE SPECIAL!
IT'S OUTA OUR CLASS, SARGE! WHAT SAY WE BLOW THIS POPSICKLE STAND?
"HOLD ON, SARGEANT. WHERE'S MISS WARRENT"
™SCHNABCRABBER™ R.C. MUSICANT USED BY PERMISSION.

IN TROUBLE. I'LL PATCH IN TO WHERE I LAST SAW HER. POMRU, OVERRIDE THE SHIP'S SYSTEMS!
THERE SHE IS! HEY, TOOTS! YOO-HOO! POMRU TO AIRHEAD-- COME IN AIRHEAD!
DAMMIT, HAIRBALLS! SHE'S GOT HER MIND IN NEUTRAL AGAIN, SARGE!
YIPE! SARGE, LOOK! THE BEASTIE'S EATING THROUGH THE BULKHEAD!
SSSSSSSS
DAMN! WARREN'S RIGHT IN IT'S PATH!
AND THERE'S NO WAY WE CAN GET TO HER IN TIME!
NEXT MONTH
ONE SHALL DIE!

IT'S NOT POSSIBLE, BLAZE! WE ONLY ESCAPED THE APOCALYPSE SQUAD THROUGH THE INTERDIMENSIONAL DANCE FLOOR--TO LAND IN THE VERY PLACE I WAS CAST OUT FROM-- HEAVEN!
DON'T GET YOUR GLUTEN N AN UPROAR, BUDDY! HEAVEN 'S JUST ANOTHER PLACE AFTER A WH LE-- ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU'RE WITH..
BLAZE BARLOW AND THE ETERNITY COMMAND
PAIR O' DICE REGAINED!
WELL, THE PLACE LIVES UP TO ITS REPUTATION! I LIKE IT!
THE PLACE HAS MORE REPUTATIONS THAN ONE, NOCTURNE! I HAVE HEARD DREAD TALES OF PERIL HERE!
PETER B. GILLIS CREATOR-WRITER
BARRY CRAIN PENCILLER
KEITH WILSON INKER
WILLIE SCHUBERT LETTERER
TOM LITTLEJOHN COLORIST
RICK OLIVER EDITOR

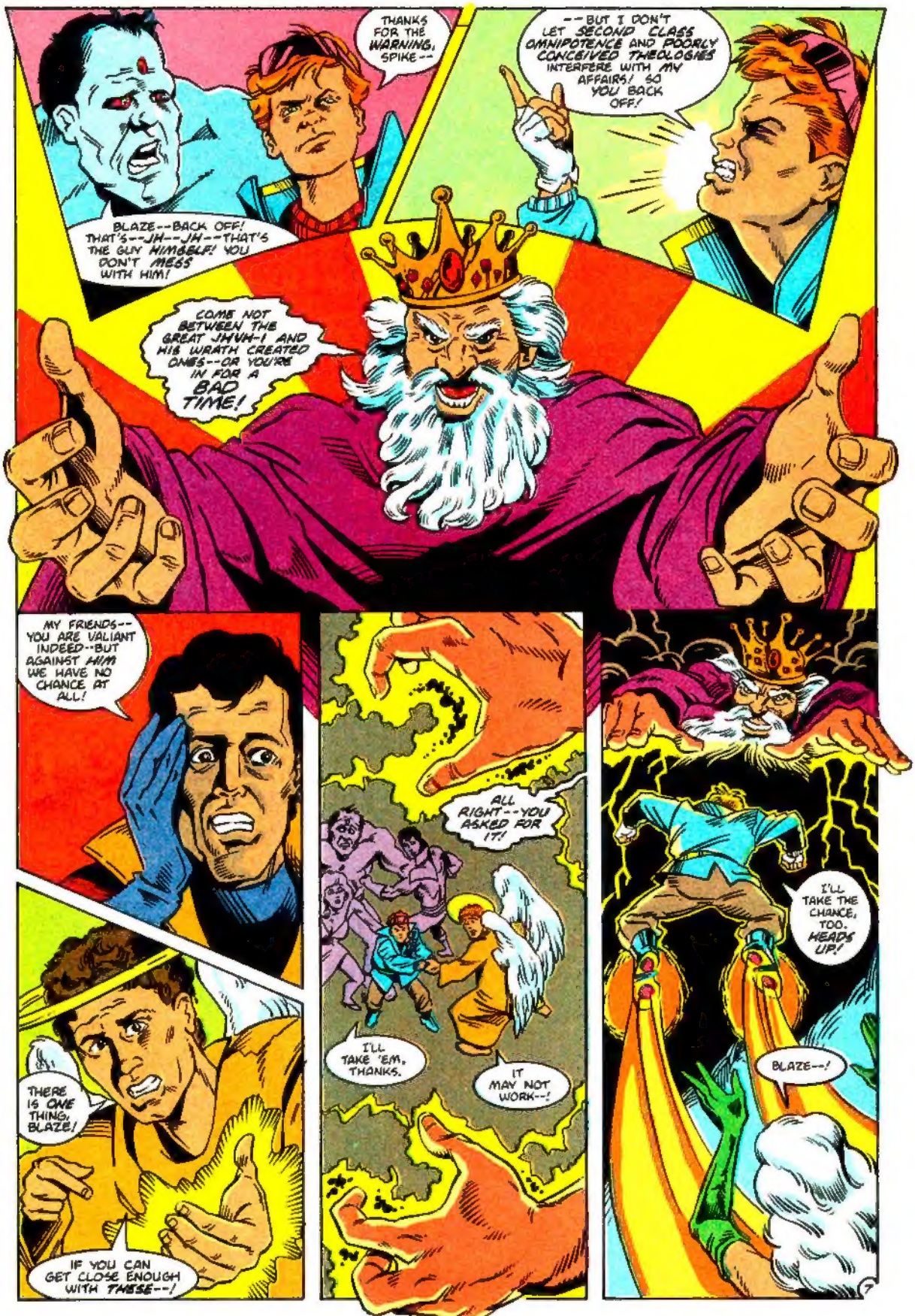

THEY'VE MADE NO THREATENING MOVES--
BUT WE CAN'T LET OUR GUARD DOWN FOR AN INSTANT, SPIKE.
YOUR BUDGETARY PROPOSAL HAS BEEN NOTED, OUTRIDER! NOW VOUCHER THAT THOUGHT AND CLAM UP!
BUT LORD REGULUS IS RIGHT! I'M DISGUISED IN A CORPOREAL BODY NOW--BUT IF THEY DIVINE, EH, FIGURE OUT WHO I AM THEY'LL SMITE US HIP AND THIGH!
THEN PERHAPS WE SHOULD ATTACK--
HOLD IT! SINCE I'M THE 'HIP AND THIGH' EXPERT HERE--I THINK YOU CAN LEAVE THIS TO ME!
EXCUSE ME, MY FRIEND--BUT WE SEEM TO HAVE LOST OUR WAY. SINCE YOU SEEM SO...CAPABLE--I WAS WONDERING--?
YOU--WERE--?
WHAT WERE YOU WONDERING?
IF YOU COULD, WELL, HELP US OUT--?
WHAT'S SHE DOING? ANGELS DON'T HAVE LIBIDOS! THEY DON'T HAVE ANY REPRODUCTIVE ORGANS AT ALL!
THAT JUST MEANS IT TAKES A BIT LONGER. CALM DOWN.
WE'RE JUST LOOKING FOR THE NEAREST PORTAL OR INFUNDIBULUM, I KNOW YOU COULD HELP!
I KNOW YOU COULD SHOW US..SO MUCH--!
WHY UH--
2

HEY! WATCH IT! YOU'RE DR.PPING ALL OVER EVERYTHING!
OH NO! IT'S HAPPENING TOO SOON!
THE MORTAL FORM I CREATED OUT OF CAKES AND COOK.ES ON EARTH WON'T HOLD TOGETHER IN MY HOME DIMENSION LONG! WE'LL NEVER FOOL THEM NOW!
SPIKE, BARROOM MANEUVER #27.
GOTCHA BLAZE!
YOU! WHAT CHOO TRYIN' TO PULL WIV MY GIRL, YER BLOODY FAIRY?
WHY, I OH--
BA-BOOM
WHY, YOU-- SAY YOUR ORISONS, TRANSGRESSOR! NO ONE DOES THAT TO ME!
I WONDERED WHEN THE GUNS WOULD COME OUT MUCH OBLIGED!
WE'VE GOT TOO RUN FOR IT! OUTRIDER! TAKE OUR DE-ICING FRIEND!
MOVE IT!

SPROING!
OH NO! I'M IMMANENT AGAIN!
LET'S HUSTLE! MAYBE WE CAN STILL--
TOO LATE, SPIKE--
--I THINK HE'S BEEN NOTICED!
IT IS ME!
THE FALLEN ONE!
WOOO!
I'M GETTING SICK OF ANGELS WITH HEAVY ARMAMENT!
INDEED! GIVE THE COMMAND, BLAZE BARLOW, AND WE'LL GIVE THEM A FIGHT THEY'LL NOT SOON FORGET!
JUST A SECOND--
--AND I'LL BE--
--RIGHT WITH YOU!
THERE! NOW LOOK OUT--
--BECAUSE BLAZE BARLOW IS READY!
OUTRIDER! NOCTURNE! LAY DOWN AN ENERGY BARRAGE! SPIKE! BLOCK FOR NOCTURNE! YOU--COME WITH ME!
M-ME?

AND IT LOOKS LIKE OUR FRIEND WOULD BE A WELCOME ADDITION TO OUR GROUP--IF HE WOULD JUST LOOSEN UP!
JUST LIKE OLD TIMES, eh NOCTURNE?
EVERY TIME'S OLD TIMES, SPIKE!
WE'VE GOT TO FIND AN EXIT! WE CAN'T STAND OFF AN ENTIRE AFTERLIFE FOREVER, YOU KNOW!
HOLD IT! LEFT 60 DEGREES, ON MY COMMAND!
NOW!
NOW! WE SHOULD BE HOME FR--
WELL, THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO.
UP AND AT 'EM!!
DAMN! ATTACK CHERUBS AT ONE O'CLOCK!
SCOURGE THEM! CAST THEM DOWN!
PLEASE DON'T SAY IT--!

NEXT TIME, STICK TO ROMANCE, TURKEYS!
ALL RIGHT, BACK TO THE GROUP!
OUR BEST BET IS OFF TO THE LEFT IN THAT BANK OF CLOUDS! GET READY TO PULL OUT!
YOU MEAN IT'S OVER ALREADY?
INDEED IT IS, INFIDELS-- BUT NOT AS YOU EXPECT!
WHO-- WHAT?
OH NO-- NO!
YOU HAVE MOCKED AND YOU HAVE TRANSGRESSED AND FALLEN SHORT OF THE GLORY OF JHVH-1!
AND NOW YOU SHALL LEARN WHAT THAT ENTAILS, MORTALS!
WATCH WHO YOU'RE CALLIN A MORTAL, BUB!
AND WHY DON'T YOU GET A NAME YOU CAN PRONOUNCE, HUH?


THANKS FOR THE WARNING, SPIKE--
--BUT I DON'T LET SECOND CLASS OMNIPOTENCE AND POORLY CONCEIVED THEOLOGIES INTERFERE WITH MY AFFAIRS! SO YOU BACK OFF!
BLAZE--BACK OFF! THAT'S--JH--JH--THAT'S THE GUY HIMSELF! YOU DON'T MESS WITH HIM!
COME NOT BETWEEN THE GREAT JHVH-I AND HIS WRATH CREATED ONES--OR YOU'RE IN FOR A BAD TIME!
MY FRIENDS--YOU ARE VALIANT INDEED--BUT AGAINST HIM WE HAVE NO CHANCE AT ALL!
ALL RIGHT--YOU ASKED FOR IT!
I'LL TAKE THE CHANCE, TOO. HEADS UP!
THERE IS ONE THING, BLAZE!
I'LL TAKE 'EM, THANKS.
IT MAY NOT WORK--!
BLAZE--!
IF YOU CAN GET CLOSE ENOUGH WITH THESE--!

CRRRACKLE!
SORRY, BUB. YOU'LL HAVE TO DO BETTER THAN THAT!
WHAT? YOU SHOULD BE EVAPORATED--?
I'M HERMETICALLY SEALED. LOCKS IN MOISTURE.
YOUR INSOLENCE SURPASSES ALL UNDERSTANDING--
--AND SO YOUR DESTRUCTION SHALL BE-- EH?
WHAT'S THAT IN YOUR HAND?
A SURPRISE. BUT I'M SAVING IT.
YOU SHALL SAVE NOTHING-- LEAST OF ALL YOUR LIFE! YOUR DEATH SHALL BE THE SECOND DEATH FROM WHICH THERE IS NO RETURNING!
WELL? WHAT DO YOU SAY TO THAT?
YOU EVER HEARD OF MOUTHWASH, BUSTER?
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ENOUGH! MILK AND HONEY ARE UNDER MY TONGUE--AND YOU ARE A FOUL-MOUTHED LITTLE TWERP!
PREPARE TO--
SURPRISE.
YOU WEREN'T BY ANY CHANCE LOOKING FOR THESE?
NO!!!
PUT THOSE DOWN!
YOU KNOW, I WONDERED WHY YOU WOULD ONLY BANISH SOMEBODY INSTEAD OF ANNIHILATING THEM. SO I FIGURED IT WAS BECAUSE THEY HAD SOMETHING YOU WANTED. BADLY.
BADLY ENOUGH THAT YOU WOULDN'T WANT SOMETHING TO HAPPEN TO THEM WHILE YOU INCINERATED ME. BADLY ENOUGH THAT YOU'LL LET US ALL GO. AM I RIGHT?
THEY ARE NOTHING! NOTHING!
YOU LITTLE SON OF A--
WELL, IF THEY'RE NOTHING, THEN YOU WOULDN'T MIND IF I-- GAVE THEM A ROLL?
NO! NO! YOU MUSTN'T! THAT COULD MEAN ANYTHING! ANYTHING!
C'MON. YOU'RE OMNISCIENT. I'M BLAZE BARLOW. YOU KNOW MY SITUATION!
LAY OFF ME AND MY CLIENTS PERMANENTLY AND I'LL LET YOU HAVE THEM. OTHERWISE--
--OTHERWISE, WHAT'VE I GOT TO LOSE?
YOU-- YOU--
SO BE IT!
ZOT!

SLOOSH!
WELL. GOOD AS HIS WORD. WE'RE BACK IN NEW YORK.
FREE! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT--I'M FREE AT LAST!
BLAZE
EVEN CLEANED UP THE OFFICE. WHAT A GUY.
FREE? THINK AGAIN, TURKEY. YOU'RE JUST IN DEBT TO ME NOW INSTEAD OF THAT CLOUD-BANK.
I WANT AN EXPLANATION FOR ALL THIS. WHAT WERE THOSE CUBES I PLAYED MEXICAN STANDOFF WITH?
THEY WERE WHAT THEY LOOKED LIKE: DICE. I STOLE THEM--I'M TERRIBLE THAT WAY. BUT SINCE HE COULDN'T BEAR TO ADMIT THAT HE PLAYED DICE WITH THE UNIVERSE, HE COULDN'T ACCUSE ME IN FRONT OF EVERYBODY.
THAT'S WHY HE BANISHED ME-- AND SET ME UP TO DIE IN SOME FAR AWAY STINKING HELL-HOLE.
WATCH IT-- I HAPPEN TO LIKE NEW YORK CITY.
I'M TRULY SORRY FOR-- EVERYTHING. BUT IT DID HAVE ITS ADVANTAGES. I MET YOU GUYS, AND I LEARNED SOMETHING THAT EVEN HE DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT THOSE DICE.
AND THAT IS--?
THEY'RE LOADED--!
THE END